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PECKLED TROUT
FISHING LINES
AND OTHER VERSE

JAMES E. HOADLEY



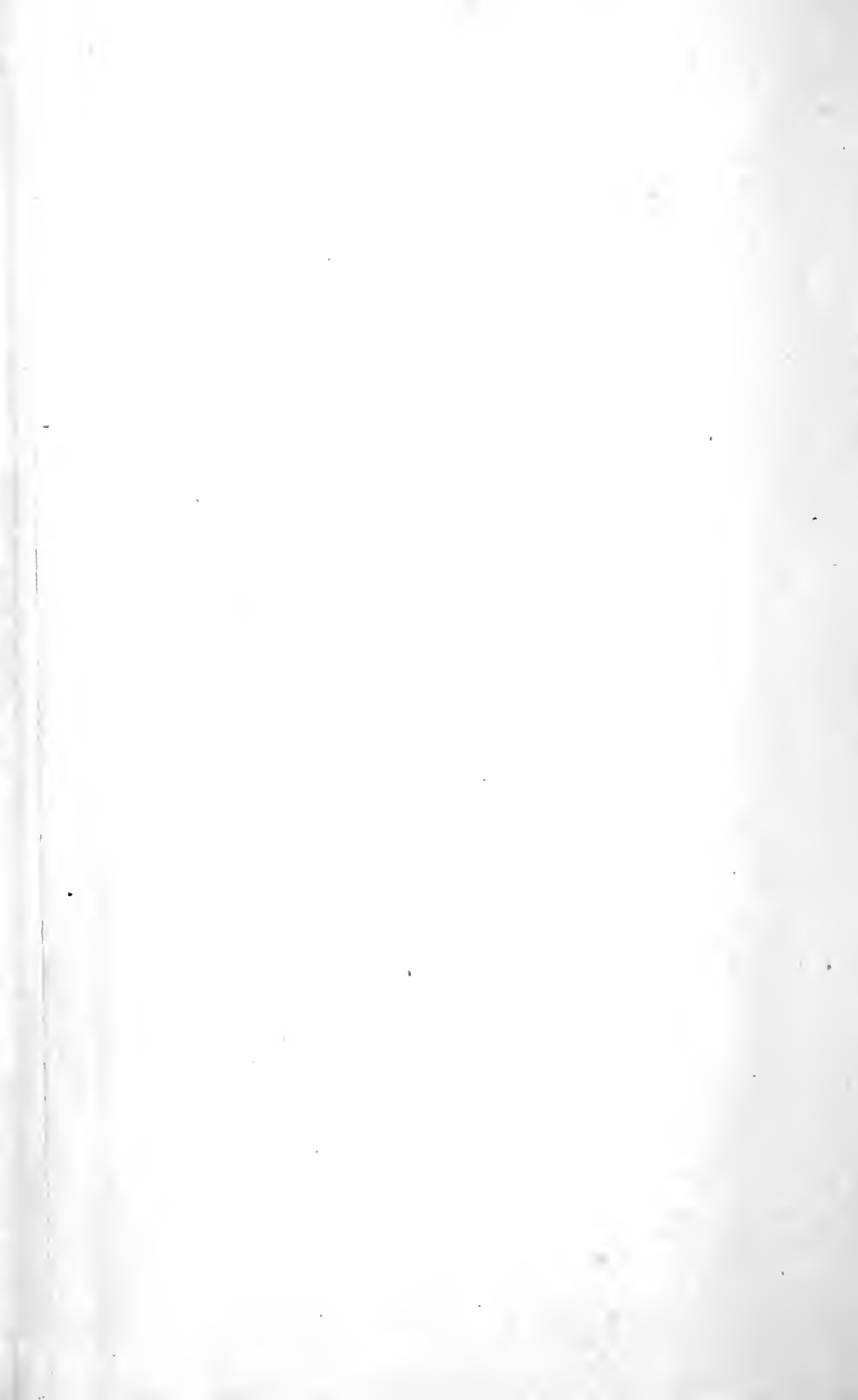
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SPECKLED TROUT

Fishing Lines

AND OTHER VERSE

BY
JAMES H. HOADLEY, D.D.

AND
A WORD OF ANTICIPATION

BY
REV. TERTIUS VAN DYKE

NEW YORK
THEO. E. SCHULTE
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To
ALEXANDER C. SOPER,
and
MARY POPE SOPER,
loyal and loving friends of a lifetime, this
little volume is affectionately dedicated

*Written by the poet upon a blank leaf in a copy
of "The Compleat Angler".*

"While flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,
Shall live the name of Walton: Sage benign!
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly export
To reverend watching of each still report
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline —
He found the longest summer day too short,
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lea,
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook —
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree;
And the fresh mead—where flow, from every nook
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth, in referring to Lord Clifford, says:

“Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky—
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

A WORD OF ANTICIPATION.

EVERYONE needs that simple joy in life that finds its most natural expression in devotion to some form of outdoor recreation. Especially is this true of those who have great responsibilities. The man who is not in love with God's creation may be a good man but he lacks that vital power which only appears in company with such devotion. We face the peril of becoming withered and musty when we forget that the wonderful events of the Gospel took place on hillsides and beneath green trees, on the lake shore and by the river bank under the open sky.

Nothing is more contagious than enthusiasm, and no enthusiasm is more contagious than the sane and wholesome delight that springs from the simple and unconscious communion with God in Nature. The efficiency expert may write down the fisherman as 'an unproductive element in the social structure'. It's little the peaceful fisherman cares! He knows the "vital feelings of delight" and the "solemn glee" that are enlarging his heart within him, and he can afford to look on all men with a tolerant and friendly eye.

I like to remember the remark of that great preacher and teacher, Dr. Hugh Black, who said: "If you can catch a salmon you can preach a sermon". There seems to be some mysterious connection between fishing for fish and fishing for men. And it is not without its lesson (for him who is willing to learn) that so many strong Christian lives have been refreshed and recreated and wisely disciplined by the gentle, albeit sometimes strenuous, art of angling.

Being the son of my father I was born, as it were, with a rod in my hand and an irresistible instinct for a stream in my heart. And so I am glad to join the little expedition that is ready to start out under the guidance of Dr. Hoadley, veteran minister and angler, to fish in the waters of memory.

GOOD LUCK! brother fishermen. A trout or two, a handful of wildflowers, and a bird song by the stream!

TERTIUS VAN DYKE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE unpretentious verses in this little volume were written from time to time years ago by a busy New York City pastor, who, from early childhood had been an ardent lover of the "gentle art." His earliest recollections as a bare-footed country boy were connected with "going-a-fishing," when his outfit consisted of a common string for a line, and a bent pin for a hook and a twig of alder for a rod.

It was his good fortune early in life to have for his friends a few men who loved trout-fishing; and in the company of these ardent fishermen he spent many happy days in acquiring his love for the art.

In those early days more than fifty years ago trout were very abundant in the streams of Northern and central New York and especially on the borders of the Adirondacks.

Nearly every summer when on his annual vacation for the past forty years, and often for a week or two in the Spring, the writer of these verses has spent many, many happy hours on the streams and lakes on the border of the Adirondacks where good trout fishing is still to be found—if one knows where to look for it.

Fly-fishing was practiced by comparatively few fishermen fifty years ago. Most of those who "went fishing," both old and young, used the angle-worm for bait. As a matter of fact nine-tenths of the men and boys who go trout fishing, still fish with a worm. Far be it from me to decry this good old-fashioned method of fishing. Some of the happiest days of my life were spent in catching trout with a worm; and by "happy days" I mean, days so full of intense delight and real enjoyment that one forgot even to eat, and the lunch that was carried in the pocket was either taken home, or disposed of on the way back, unless one was too tired to eat after a day's wading through the alders.

To the end of time there will be two methods of fishing for trout. Fishing with a worm, and casting the fly; and these two classes have two distinct objects before them. The great majority of fishermen, especially those who fish with a worm, go fishing for fish; and the extent of their joy and satisfaction depends in a large degree on the "luck" they have,—upon the number and size of "the catch." Those who go for fish alone, cannot justly be called fishermen, any more than one who goes to the market to buy fish, can be called a fisherman.

The enthusiastic fly fisherman is not so much after results as he is after the pleasure of casting. His delight is not fish but fishing. He is satisfied to get a few as a result of his skill. His fish may

cost him ten dollars a piece, and they often do. He is content because he has got what he went for—the joy of casting—plus all the other joys from communion with nature in the great fresh, exhilarating out of doors, along the streams and in the woods, among the hills. Half the delights of trout fishing come from getting near to nature's heart. The trees, the shrubs, the flowers, the mosses, the grass, the very stones of the brook, have a message for the true fisherman. There is "a sermon in the stones." He would not be a true disciple of Isaac Walton if he did not love nature and her various moods and sounds. The laughter of the brooks and the sighing of the winds, and the singing of the birds, and the hum of bees and insects, and the aroma of the wild flowers and the woods—all have a message for his soul; and it's always a message of peace and contentment, and joy, and thanksgiving that God has permitted him to be a fisherman. .

No man can be called a true fisherman who does not love fishing far better than he loves fish. To be a true fisherman he must enjoy and delight in the art itself. To be a true descendant of Isaac Walton he must be content and happy to fish all day in the rain, or wading in the ice cold brook, and return home at night with a very meagre catch—nay! he must be so in love with the trout-brooks that his soul is satisfied with just fishing, content to fish all day and many days and have no

luck at all. The true fisherman is not only the happiest man but he is the most hopeful and expectant man among mortals. He is always sure of "better luck" tomorrow, or next time. He never gets discouraged or disheartened. His ardor seems to be fed by discouraging luck. His faith is sublime! He is sure of the future. His motto is ever that of Browning—"the best is yet to be!"

This unbounded, unlimited hope and expectancy is characteristic of all true fishermen. It is especially characteristic of the fly-fisherman. He differs from the worm-fisherman in many things. When he takes out of his case his beloved fly-rod (made by such expert rod makers as the late William Mitchell, once so famous and well known in New York) and opens his fly book to inspect its contents, and oils his reel, and tests his line, in his imagination he is sure of getting many a rise in those well known pools or along those well known streams so dear to his heart, the next time he goes for his sport. He "hopeth all things."

To hook two or three fine trout; to match his human skill against the instinctive efforts of the sly and cunning trout,—at last to land him,—though it takes an hour to do it—this is delight such as none can know who has not acquired the art. It is simply delicious!

The Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, an enthusiastic lover of "the gentle art," has truly pictured the

aim of the genuine fly-fisherman in the last verse of his admirable poem—"An Angler's Wish."

"Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art;
No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on nature's heart!"

Such a real fisherman says to the man with the worm, "You go ahead and fill your basket if you can. I will follow and whip the stream; and tho' you may get more fish, you'll not get more real sport than I, though I succeed in landing not one-tenth as many as you. I'm not going for fish,—you are, I'm going fishing." Any true fly fisherman had rather catch a few fine, speckled beauties with a fly than to catch a score or even a basket full with a worm.

But it must not be imagined for one moment that there is no real joy in fishing with a worm. There is real joy; and every skillful fisherman who invariably uses a worm can testify that some of the happiest days of his life have been spent along the alder brooks, or beaver meadows. Memories of such days on such trout-brooks never die;—they are almost sacred. Isaac Walton declares—

"The last fish I caught was with a worm."

One of our foremost American poets, Prof. Clinton Scollard of Hamilton College, expresses perfectly the "sturdy patience" and contentment of the persistent fly-fisherman, in his little poem—"The Angler"—when, in the last verse, he says:

“Companioned by a keen desire,
His sturdy patience does not tire ;
Through waning hours, in sun or rain,
He smiles, content with meagre gain ;
Breathing the perfect calm that broods
In nature’s secret solitudes,
Gleaning from river, wood and sky,
A deep and broad philosophy.”

The writer of the following verses has had a varied experience in trout-fishing, and bass fishing also. He has cast his hook in many waters. Years ago, the first year after the Railroad reached the Rangely Lakes, at Bemis, Maine, his brother said to him, “Will you go to the Rangely Lakes with me for a couple of weeks in May, as soon as the trout season opens, after the ice goes out?” “I surely will,” was my quick and glad response. We were made comfortable at the Upper Dam Hotel. We fished in the famous pool under the Dam; in the stream of rapid water between the Lakes; at the mouth of one of the famous spring-brooks entering the lower lake; and in other desirable places.

Such large brook trout (*salmo fontinalis*) I never before had seen. The writer landed one with much difficulty that weighed four pounds and two ounces. Some much larger than this, weighing eight and nine pounds, are caught in this famous pool. But while the Rangely Lake fishing is phenomenal, one gets no more real pleasure out of it

than from the trout-brooks and spring-holes in the Adirondacks—nor as much.

Ten years ago I fished for trout in the Yellowstone River just as it leaves the Yellowstone Lake. So abundant are the trout in these waters, and so readily do they rise to any sort of a fly, cast by any sort of a fisherman, or no fisherman, that all the delight of real angling is wanting. In an hour's time ten or a dozen large trout were taken, two at a time, and both landed, which made the sport—no sport. It required no more skill to secure trout in the Yellowstone, than it did to secure them in Washington Fish Market, and it cost a hundred times as much for the trip.

It's a good thing for any man,—especially professional man,—to have a hobby,—some pastime or sport that takes him out-of-doors into God's sunshine. Golfing in these days is such a hobby, and this wonderful game has brought health and joy into many a life that formerly was shut up in an office or study eight or ten hours a day, with scarcely any exercise in the open air. But golfing is a sport for a few, comparatively, and not for the multitude. Fishing, in some of its various forms, is opened to all men,—and women too. I have met a few of the latter who were as skillful in casting a fly as any male fisherman. Some years ago the "pool" at the Upper Dam, between the Rangely Lakes used to have a goodly number of ladies in

the casting boats, and some of them were rewarded with a splendid "catch." There are scores of hobbies that take you out-of-doors into the woods and the fields, but not one of them can compare with that of the enthusiastic fisherman. Fishing is a sort of sixth sense. Many are born with it—almost anyone can acquire it, if properly cultivated.

The desire or instinct to fish is not confined to the fresh-water streams and lakes; the seas have the same lure. The fishing-boats that dot the waters of the Atlantic coast with their white sails, from Chesapeake Bay to Labrador, are navigated by a race of sturdy fishermen who take delight in even this sort of fishing, and who at the same time have done their full share in adding to the wealth and prosperity of our Nation. These fishermen of the sea love this life of danger and exposure quite as well, in their way, as do the fishermen of the Lakes and streams.

A proof that man by nature is a fisherman is seen almost everyday on our Piers and Docks along the water front, or on the often over-crowded boats that make regular excursions in the summer "to the fishing banks" outside the lower bay. These same fishermen will sit for hours in the hot sun, or even in the rain, on the string-piece of the Dock, or along the river or shore, even though their catch is meagre; and they will come back to their fishing day after day, often neglecting other and more necessary and important work. They love it so!

The only experience the writer has had of sea fishing, or that which comes the nearest to it, was at the mouth of the James River where it enters into Chesapeake Bay, between Old Point and Norfolk. It was "good sport" and very enjoyable, but at best it could not be compared with fishing for speckled trout either with a fly or worm.

The kind of fishing that approaches in interest, casting for speckled trout, is bass fishing with a fly, or with any kind of bait, for that matter. A two- or three-pound bass can put up the liveliest fight of any fish that swims in either salt or fresh water.

For more than half a century trout fishing has been a favorite pastime with American clergymen, and large numbers have not only become expert fly-fishermen, but they have acquired a love for trout-fishing, which, in some instances, has become a passion. Fifty years ago the little volume issued by "Adirondack Murray," as he was called (a well known Congregational Clergyman) created quite a sensation and was read by a large number of people with absorbing interest.

May it not be that one of the chief reasons why clergymen have become lovers of the "contemplative art," is due to the fact that fishing is an Apostolic pastime. It occupies a most important place in the New Testament, and is repeatedly referred to in the Old Testament. It is an interesting fact that of all created things over which man

was to have dominion,—the first to be mentioned was the fish; for in the first Chapter of Genesis we read—“and God said, Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the heaven, etc.”

May it not be possible that our Lord himself was an occasional fisherman. We read that on the shore of the lake of Galilee he invited his disciples to partake with him of the fish which he himself had no doubt caught, and had cooked upon a “fire of coals.” They accepted His invitation to dine with Him, after they had brought more fish from the miraculous draught which they had just taken from the Lake, at His suggestion. We have the account in John 21: 9—13, “So when they had got out upon the land, they see a fire of coals there, and fish lay thereon and bread. Jesus saith unto them, Bring of the fish which ye have now taken. Simon Peter therefore went up and drew the net to land, full of great fishes, a hundred and fifty and three, and for all there were so many, the net was not rent. Jesus said unto them, Come, and break your fast. And none of the disciples durst inquire of him, Who art thou? Knowing that it was the Lord. Jesus cometh, and taketh the bread and giveth them and the fish likewise.”

The Reverend Wm. K. Eddy of the American Mission of Sidon, Syria, in an article by him, says,

“As an occupation fishing has been honored by the selection of its followers as Apostles; by being the object of Jesus’ special favor on two occasions; and chosen as the type of earnest, skillful, soul-saving.”

“And Jesus said unto them, come after Me and I will make you to become fishers of men” Mrk.1:17.

“And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not; for henceforth thou shalt catch men.” Luke 5:10.

The fish was an object of idolatry in the ancient world. The Philistines worshipped Dagon the fish-God, which was represented by the body of a man and the tail of a fish. The fish early became a sacred symbol to the Christians. This was due to the fact that the Greek word ἰχθῦς (fish) is formed by the initial letters of the four Greek words used in the Confession of the Christian’s faith. Viz.:—“Jesus Christ. Son of God. Saviour.” (Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτὴρ)

The hook and line in fishing have been used from remote ages. No mention however, is made of the rod, as fly-fishing is said to have been unknown to the ancients. How much they missed!

Every Spring as the days begin to lengthen, and the sun warms the earth, all true fishermen begin to hear the call of the trout-brooks; and as blossom-time comes this call gets louder and louder until it is irresistible. Robert Page Lincoln voices “the call of the brooks” in his fine poem—“Fishin’ Time,” the last part of which reads:—

"Oh, it's thus when Spring is on us, an' the
sun is warm and high—
It is thus when we are wishin' and when
fishin' is our cry.

* * *

Dig some wums, it's time I'm fishin',
it's 'bout time I'd wet my line;
I can fell it creepin' o'er me, an'
I'm gettin' so's I pine!

When the ice upon the big lake
gits all saggin' down and wet—
Dig sum wums, its time I'm fishin'
and its time to cure this fret!"

Two verses from Dr. Henry Van Dyke's unsurpassed little poem "An Angler's Wish," expresses the fisherman's longing for the brooks in the Springtime.

"When tulips bloom in Union Square,
And timid breaths of vernal air
Go wandering down the dusty town,
Like children lost in Vanity Fair;

* *

Then weary seems the street parade,
And weary books, and weary trade:
I'm only wishing to go a-fishin',—
For this the month of May was made!"

JAMES H. HOADLEY.

New York, 1920.

FOREWORD

NEARLY all the "fishing poems" in this little volume, and a number of the others, first appeared in *THE INDEPENDENT*, at the time when Dr. WM. HAYES WARD, the distinguished scholar and critic, was Literary editor. The writer was then a young man and he was greatly encouraged by the fact that so able and keen a critic and scholar as Dr. WARD, accepted his verse for publication. These unpretentious verses would never have been gathered together in this volume, had it not been for the urgent request of many of the author's friends. For the past thirty years a number of these poems have been copied, appearing again and again in the newspapers throughout the Country, East and West.

For permission to reprint some of these poems in this volume I am indebted to *THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT CORPORATION*; *THE NEW YORK DAILY TRIBUNE*, and other local periodicals. For this permission I desire to thank them.

For carefully reading the proof sheets and for his helpful suggestions, I desire to express sincere thanks to my friend the Rev. Tertius van Dyke of New York, who, like his father, Dr. Henry van

Dyke, has all his life been an enthusiastic trout fisherman. Most of all I thank him for the "Word of Anticipation" which he was kind enough to write for this little volume of fisherman verse.

I am also indebted to my friend, MR. THEODORE E. SCHULTE of New York, the well-known Bookseller and Printer, for bringing out this little volume in such an attractive form.

J. H. H.

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SPECKLED TROUT

Fishing Lines

AND OTHER VERSE

“I GO A-FISHING.”

«Ἐρχόμεθα καὶ ἡμεῖς σὺν σοι».—JOHN XXI, 3.

A MOUNTAIN brook, a shady nook,
A ripple,
A rod and fly—“He’s very sly.”
“Be careful!”

A sudden dash, a little splash—
“Don’t strand him!”
A turn, a bout, a splendid trout—
“Now! land him!”

Three hungry men, a frying-pan
Capacious;
A crispy brown, no such in town—
Delicious!

A THREE-POUND TROUT.

THE pool was broad, and cool, and deep ;
And on its surface shifting
Were specks of foam, and twigs, and leaves,
Around an eddy drifting.

The alders on the further side
Hung low upon the water ;
And just above o'er rocks and logs
It foamed, then rushed with laughter.

With slender rod and silken line,
And hackle gray for leader,
I crept along with gentle tread,
So watchful and so eager.

I took my stand. Back went the rod.
I held it firm and steady ;
And then I cast. The hackle gray
Skipped lightly o'er the eddy.

A sudden rush, a splash, a turn—
The water foaming, boiling.
“Click ! click !” the line went spinning out.
“Now, steady ! For he's toiling.”

Up toward the rocks he rushes wild.
He turns again. “Be ready !”
He slacks his speed, and, pulling hard,
He circles round the eddy.

And now a stubborn course he takes.

No matter how I coax him,
He will not move; but there he stays.
In vain I try to hoax him.

Now quick as thought he leaps in air,
And, scattering spray around him,
He shakes himself with all his might.
In vain; the line has bound him.

He darts to right, he darts to left,
He sets the reel a-spinning;
But still the silken cord holds on—
The fisherman is winning.

An hour has past; his force is spent.
In vain has he contended.
“That landing-net! Be careful now!”
“There! Lift him out!” ’Tis ended.

Three pounds two ounces and a half
He weighed. We dressed and cooked him;
But none who ate knew such delight
As I, the one who hooked him.

I GO A-HUNTING.

«Οὗτος ἦν γίγας κυνηγὸς ἐναντίον Κυρίου».

—GENESIS x, 9.

TWO men with guns upon the downs,
A setter,
A low morass, with tangled grass —
None better.
A quail's shrill cry, "We're coming nigh."
"Be ready!"
"Let out the dog! Jump o'er the bog!"
"Now! Steady!"
A brace of birds, a flow of words
At supper;
And birds will come and birds will go
Forever.

TROUTING.

GENTLY!

He is wary,
Always looking out.

“Slowly!
Or you’ll lose your trout.”

“Slyly!”
Cast your fly
Above that eddy.

“Quickly!
You’ll have him! Steady!”

Safely
Into the net
At last he has come.

Jolly!
O’er the meadows home.

LIFE.

Ἐν πίστει ζῶ τῇ τοῦ υἱοῦ τοῦ Θεοῦ. — GAL. II, 20.

LIFE is not living
Just for to-day;
Life is not dreaming
All the short way.

To live is to do
What must be done;
To work and be true,
For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping your brothers
And trusting in God.

THE FISHING PARSON.

IN a quiet village, far away,
The pulpit was vacant many a day.

Candidates came from far and near,
Every Sabbath for nearly a year.

Some were too awkward ; some preached with ease ;
But no one was able them all to please.

At length there came from a distant place
A man of unusual power and grace.

His frame was strong and his eye was clear,
And all were pleased who came to hear.

“ ’This is our man !” said the elders all,
And old and young united to call.

The call was accepted and early in May
The new parson came, with his household, to stay ;

But after the toil of settling down
In his pleasant home in the little town

The parson was one day seen to stroll
Across the street, with basket and pole,

And take his way, o'er field and brake,
To a rip'ling stream that entered the lake

Just below the town. "What does it mean?"
Asked the gossips and all who had seen.

"*A fishing parson!*" exclaimed the men.
"How could we so deceived have been?"

The spinsters said: "'Twas a shame and sin"—
"A *parson* to be engaging in

Such *worldly* sports!" 'Twas late in the day
When the parson took his homeward way,

With well-filled basket and, better still,
A glowing cheek and a healthful thrill,

Caused by the blood that flowed through his veins
As torrents flow after summer rains.

Some said, with boldness: "They never more
Could respect and love him as before."

"*A fishing parson!* Who ever heard
Of a *fishing* man preaching the Word?"

Thus spake the elders and deacons and all,
And before them at once the parson they call.

"A painful duty," the eldest said,
"Devolves on us," and he shook his head

In a serious way. "Never before,
For eight and seventy years or more,

"Have we as a church been called upon
To reprove our pastor for what he has done.

"You went a-fishing the other day!
"We think it unseemly in every way.

" 'Twill injure the cause with the young and the
gay.

'Tis scandalous! What have you to say?"

A smile came over the parson's face,
As he rose to respond, with becoming grace.

He spake of Peter and his brethren three,
Who once were fishermen on Galilee.

"These were the men that the Master chose
To carry his gospel to friends and foes."

He spake of Bethune and he spake of Todd—
"Fishing parsons!" but men of God.

"Fishing parsons!" aye; but better men
To preach the Word and wield the pen

The Church has not known for many a day.
They loved to preach, they loved to pray;

Nor their Lord the less because as well
They loved the mountain-stream and dell.

“And as for myself I can boldly say
I preach the better from day to day,

“For the strength I gain in my walks about,
While casting my fly for the speckled trout.

“And when in the forest, alone, oppressed,
God speaks to me and I am blest.”

No more was said; but as time rolled on
The pews of the church filled, one by one,

And as never before, from far and near
The people flocked to the church to hear

“*The fishing parson!*” for so he was known
By boys and girls and men full-grown.

And at length the meeting-house, which before
Had held them all, with room for more,

Became so crowded that 'ere the Fall
An effort was set on foot by all

To build a new house, with ample room
For all the people who wished to come.

And though the years rolled swiftly by
The fire still glowed in the parson's eye;

And he often said, in his pleasant way,
As he labored on from day to day,



That his power to work with a steady plod
Was due to his love of the basket and rod.

The parson lived long, and rejoiced to think
Of the souls that were saved from Ruin's brink.

True fisher of men! he had tried to be—
As faithful as those of Galilee.

'Twas at eighty and three, and preaching still,
And serving his Master with heart and will,

That the welcome summons at last was sent
To call him home from banishment.

And this they cut on his tombstone deep,
When he at last had "fallen on sleep":

"Here lieth the fishing parson!" and then
"His Master made him a fisher of men."

A TROUTING IDYL.

A LINE,
A hook,
A rod,
A brook,
A man absorbed in fishing.
A cast,
A bite.
"A trout?"
"You're right!
For this I have been wishing."

In camp
To lie,
With trout
To fry,
Farewell to cares and sadness!
No care,
No strife
In such
A life.
What health and rest and gladness!

Then come
With me.
Away
We'll flee,
And spend a month together.
By stream
And lake
Sly trout
We'll take,
And sleep in stormy weather.

WELL-DOING.

THINK the good,
And not the clever;
Thoughts are seeds
That grow; forever
Bearing richest fruit in life.
Such alone can make
The thinker
Strong to conquer in the strife.

Love the good,
And not the clever.
Noble men!
The world can never
Cease to praise the good they've done.
They alone the true
Who gather
Harvests which their deeds have won.

Do the good,
And not the clever,
Fill they life
With true endeavor;
Strive to be the noblest man.
Not what others do;
But rather
Do the very best you can.

DEATH.

DEATH is not ceasing
Ever to be.

Death is not sleeping
Eternally.

To die is beginning
Really to be,
Freed from all sinning
Immortally.

'Tis passing from darkness
Into the light;
Just putting off weakness,
Putting on might.

THE LIAR IN WEIGHT.

HE had fished in all waters for bass and for trout,

On stream and on lake the country throughout;

He had fished with a fly;

He had fished with a bait;

But alas! for his fame, he's a liar in weight.

There are liars in numbers and liars in size,

Who talk, in a way that seems wonderful wise,

Of the things they have done;

But what they relate

Is but tame when compared with this liar in weight.

He had never caught small fish, this liar in weight;

The trout are all large ones that nibble his bait;

He resents with disdain,

And almost with hate,

Such small accusations—this liar in weight.

Three-pounders were common, four-pounders not rare;

And he'd tell, in a way to make a man stare,

Of a ten-pounder, once,

In a northeastern state,

That he captured alone—this liar in weight.

To compete with this liar, when once he begins,
Is out of the question, for he always wins.

 The best competition,
 Either early or late,
Is nowhere compared with this liar in weight.

The liar in numbers may catch the most trout,
Or the liar in place know the best place about ;

 But when you begin
 About size to relate,
You're left in the shade by this liar in weight.

“SPECKLED BEAUTIES.”

MID wealth of bloom,
When sweet perfume
On every breeze is blowing;
And farmer-boys,
With shout and noise
The early crops are sowing;
And whistling quail
Down in the swale
At day-dawn shrilly calling—
Through orchards gay
At break of day,
'Mid apple-blossoms falling;
Through dewy grass,
And low morass,
Where trout-brook gently floweth,
With rod and fly,
And spirit high,
The happy angler goeth.
From morn till night,
So deft and light,
He whips the pool and eddy,
Now in—now out,
He plays his trout,
With cunning hand and steady.
O gentle art!
So dear to heart,
When worn with cares and duties,
Just for a day
To steal away
And cast for speckled beauties.

“WELL DONE!”

“*Bene, serve bone et fidelis.*”—MATT. XXV, 21.

NOT what you say,
Or wish or hope,
While through the darkness
Here you grope;
But what you do
And what you are
In heart, and thought
And character—
This only makes you great;
And this,
If clothed in Jesus's righteousness,
Will open Heaven's gate.

Sell all, and buy
This precious gem,
And wear it as
A diadem.
A heart that's clean,
A mind that's pure
Will prompt to deeds
Which shall endure.
So God will own you as his son,
And say
To you, when ends life's little day:
“Well done!” my child, “Well done!”

THE FISHERMAN.

THE fisherman!
The fisherman!

Ah! hear him shout and sing!
His heart is gay,
As now to-day,
He greets the opening Spring.

“Ho! ho! for trout!”
Oh, hear him shout!
Equipped with rod and line,
He wades the brook
And casts his hook
For speckled trout so fine.

He’s left his care
Behind him there,
Within the dusty town,
To roam about
And in and out
Where alder brooks wind down.

Oh, what delight,
From morn till night,
The fisherman doth find!
They only know,
Who with him go
And leave their care behind.

DE PROFUNDIS.

I laughed and tried to quench my grief,
In mirth I sought to find relief,
My faith was naught but unbelief;
To laugh—
Was but to mock my sorrow.

I wept because my grief was great,
I felt its load—a mighty weight.
O heart so crushed and desolate!
To weep—
Was but to soothe my sorrow.

I prayed for help in agony,
To Him who hung on Calvary,
He heard and quickly answered me!
To pray—
This only healed my sorrow.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

THEY do the least
Who talk the most;
Whose good designs
Are all their boasts;
For words are dew.

They do the most
Whose lives possess
The sterling stamp
Of righteousness;
For deeds are true.

And if the heart
Be pure and good
The life will be
Just what it should—
Not dew but true.

“GO WORK TO-DAY.”

GO work *to-day!*” the Master saith.
Waste not thy time repining!
Fill every hour with earnest deeds,
While bright the sun is shining.

What though ye do not see the fruit,
Yet still continue sowing;
For night and day—asleep, awake—
The grain is ever growing.

To-morrow’s work may not be yours,
Nor yours the joy of reaping.
“Go work *to-day,*” and leave the seed
Safe in the Master’s keeping.

That seed shall to the harvest come,
Though you in death are sleeping.
Others shall reap what you have sown.
Work on, and cease thy weeping!

PEACE.

THE QUIET HOUR IN THE WOODS.

I sought for peace and did not rest;
But sought it east and sought it west.

I searched with all my might.
I sought as one who seeks for gold:
In tropic heat, in arctic cold;
And longed both day—and night
For peace.

But when at last, in hopeless grief,
I turned to Christ to find relief,
And ceased to look abroad,
I found in Him my righteousness;
He with His peace my soul did bless;
And now I walk with God
In peace.

SATISFIED.

“My people shall be satisfied with my goodness,
saith the Lord.”—JERE. 31 : 14.

MY people shall be satisfied.”
This is His word to me
While in the flesh.
Each day He doth my soul refresh.

I need not wait the race to run.
If He abide in me
From sun to sun,
And I in Him,—’tis Heaven begun !

Not more can I be satisfied,
E’en though I stand complete
Before His throne,
And know He owns me as His own.

MEMORIES.

DID you ever stand in a clover field
While the bees were busy about your feet,
And the air was heavy with rich perfume
Of the purple blossoms fresh and sweet?
For the bees they work
While the Summers last;
And the clover blossoms
Fade so fast.

Did you ever wander in sunny June,
With your basket and rod, by an Alder brook;
And cast your fly for the gamiest fish
That was ever taken with line and hook?
For trout are wary
And timid and shy;
But you can lure them
With a fly.

Did you ever live in an open camp,
For days and weeks by a forest stream,
Floating for deer where the lilies grow,
Or sleeping at night without a dream?
For the nearer one gets
To Nature's dear breast,
The greater the joy
And the rest.

Did you ever climb a mountain high,
And sit in the silence that dwelleth there,
Above the forest and under the sky,
Alone with yourself in the upper air?
For the mountains lift
The spirit of man
Near to the source where
Life began.

Did you ever stand in the city street,
As its living stream went pouring by,
And long for the fields and Alder brooks,
The open camp, and the mountain high?
For memories live
And can never die;
Live, when in the grave
We shall lie.

If Nature and you are strangers still,
And her language you cannot read,
Then your eyes are blind, and can never see
The treasure she holds for human need.
For Nature and you
In love must be
Before her beauty
You can see.

THE TROUT-ROD ON THE WALL.

THIS slender rod of mine;
This delicate silk line,
And the creel;
This landing net, these flies
Of every shape and size;
With the reel,

Now hanging on the wall,
Such memories recall
Of the past;
That I live them o'er again,
And rejoice as I did when
I made a cast.

I am once more a boy—
I feel a thrill of joy
At the sight
Of the sparkling mountain brook
Where I cast the tempting hook;
Stepping light.

I can see the shady pool,
Underneath the alders cool—
Bending o'er,
Specks of foam about an eddy,
Circling round with motion steady
To the shore.

Now I see the beauty rise,
As the artificial flies
 Strike the pool.
I can hear the water boil,
And the crazy reel uncoil
 From the spool.

Ah! he's out upon the bank!
And the specks upon his flank—
 How they shine!
O! none but anglers know
Why my eyes with tears o'erflow,
As I think of days gone by,
Of the rod, and reel, and fly,
 And the line.

REST.

“For ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which the Lord your God giveth you.”—DEUT. 12: 9.

AFTER the work of the day,
After the toil doth cease
Cometh the rest and the joy
Of sleep—sweet balm of peace!

After the struggle with sin,
After the conflict and strife,
Cometh the joy of Heaven—
The rest of endless life.

LOST

ON through the woods with reckless pace—
On, over rocks—through bogs and streams;
With glaring eyes, and palid face—
A demon—not a man—he seems.

“Oh, God! I’m lost! whence do I roam!”

“Oh, children! wife! my home! my home!

Around the blazing cottage fire
Cluster a group of children bright,
Watching in silence for their sire,
Far on into the frosty night.

“Oh, mother! why does father wait?”

“Why does he stay from home so late?”

A heap of bones and tattered shreds
Of clothing, ’neath the leaves and mould,
A hunter finds, as light he treads,
Years after, through the forest old.

Oh, children! wife! Oh hearts that yearn!

Thy lost will never more return.

THE WOODS.

FROM City's din—from roar and rush
Of traffic; from the busy mart
Of trade, with all its strain, I to
The woods repair; and there, beneath
The cool shade of dim old forest,
Find rest and peace for which I long.
The air, rich with perfume of pine
And balsam, is heavy laden.
The sluggish blood new life regains;
And to the weary soul there comes
A peace and calm, so sweet and blessed,
The joy of which, like the Gospel
Of God's dear Son, no one can know
Save those who taste its blessedness.

TROUTING WITH A FLY.

A slender rod,
A tiny fly,
A skillful hand,
And movement sly—
A splash—a strike,
A clicking reel.
The rod as though
Damascus steel,
Bends and springs—
He's firmly caught—
"Now give him line,
And hold him taut!
What a beauty!
See him spin!
That landing net?
Now! reel him in!"

Do you know what this means, do you?
If not, then let me assure you,
Casting a fly
For speckled trout
Affords the best and choicest fun,
That man from nature ever won.

A TROUTING PICTURE.

A FOREST, dense with spruce and pine,
A fisherman with pole and line :
And winding down between the hills
A mountain brook with laughing song
Hurries and rushes swift along
Fed now and then with trickling rills.

Up through the openings, here and there
The sky so bright and blue and fair
Delights the eye. How sweet the sight !
Above, around, on every hand
The giant trees like sentinels stand,
Their arms all reaching up to light.

Along the bank, on either side,
Scattering perfumes far and wide
Bright forest flowers gleam on the sod,
While farther back along the hill,
The purple asters blooming still,—
And back of all, the golden-rod.

Here, in the balmy August days,
With sky undimmed by smoke or haze,
Wanders the fisherman at will,
And as he casts his wary fly
Upon the water, quick or sly,
His heart with life and joy doth thrill.

TAKE DOWN THE ROD.

TAKE down the rod, unreel the line,
Examine creel and hook,
For Summer days have come again,
And now for mountain brook!
The winter's snow and ice are gone,
The fields are dressed in green;
And cowslips sweet and daffodils,
Along the banks are seen.

The young lambs in the pastures
Are playing round the sheep.
Once more upon the orchard slopes
The blossoms wake from sleep;
The fragrant air that sweeps the plain,
Is redolent of spring;
And in the woods and by the streams,
Robins and Blue-birds sing.

Come! leave awhile the toil and care
That vex and try the mind.
Take now the trusty rod and line,
And rest, in angling find.
The wary trout in pool and riff,
Are foraging for flies;
They wait the Angler's tempting cast—
They're ready now to rise.

O! MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH!

“Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.”—GEN. 3:19.

FROM God and Mother Earth I came,
To live and breathe life's little day,
God's vital breath—the living flame—
United with earth's cumbrous clay.

I lie upon my Mother's breast,
And think of God and think of man:
Unceasingly I long for rest
E'en here within this little span.

I rise and tread my Mother's breast—
I rise to work for God and man!
And thus alone I find my rest—
In serving God by serving man.

When laid beneath my Mother's breast
Within the earth from whence I came,
The cumbrous clay shall be at rest—
Myself with God—a living flame.

O, mystery of life and death!
O, Mother earth! O, Father God!
Am I not more than dust and breath?—
Immortal through th' *Eternal Word*!

THE BOBOLINK.

I WALKED the street of the city,
The day was mild and fair,
'Twas early June, and a brightness
Filled heart and sky and air.

The street was dry and dusty
Without a shrub or a shade,
There was naught to remind of the country,
With its meadows and wood and glade.

But as I walked slowly onward,
Not thinking of what I heard,
There rippled from out an open door,
The thrilling song of a bird.

I stopped, 'twas the song of a Bobolink!
And there, in the city street,
Methought I could smell the clover
And the breath of the meadows sweet.

O song! so musical—so thrilling—
O song! so rippling sweet!
How dear thou art O Bobolink!
Thy meadow song we greet.

THE TROUT BROOKS ARE CALLING.

THE Trout Brooks are calling,
 Away, O! away!
The blossoms are falling,
 'Tis May, O! 'Tis May!
The Wild Birds are singing,
 "We're here, O! we're here!"
The forests are ringing
 With gladness and cheer,
The Wild Flowers are blooming,
 Along the cool brook,
The warm air perfuming
 In each cozy nook,
The Sly trout are jumping
 In eddy and pool,
(My old heart is thumping—
 'Tis hard to keep cool!)
O! cast the fly lightly
 By alder and brake,
And hold the rod tightly,
 The "beauties" to take,
The Trout Brooks are calling,
 O! heed them to-day!
Where blossoms are falling
 Away, O! away!

A TROUTING SONG.

THE days they are growing: the west wind is blowing.

The week will be fine, and the sport will be sweet.

For to-morrow we're going where trout brooks are flowing,

Then call us up early the sunrise to greet.

Our tackle is ready. We'll hold the rod steady

As we cast the deft fly on the foam covered pool:
For the trout they are jumping. "Don't you hear
my heart thumping?"

For I've lured him and hooked him;—'Tis hard
to keep cool!

Then hurrah for the mountain! Hurrah for
the fountain!

And hurrah for the Angler so happy and
free!

His cares are behind him; the blues cannot
find him;

He's as joyous and gay as the bird on the
lea.

The cool stream he's wading, his basket he's lading
With the bright speckled beauties from out the
deep pool.

Away with all sadness! His heart thrills with
gladness,

And he shouts like a boy who is just out of
school.

"Step lightly! Be steady! That foam covered eddy
Is the home of a beauty just ready to rise!

Cast lightly a hackle;—look out for your tackle!

You've hooked him at last—a magnificent
prize!"

Then hurrah for the mountain etc.

The years they are going, like the stream that is
flowing;

And soon they'll be gone, and the trout-rod laid
by.

So let us be merry, and let us be cheery,

And cast while we may the deft little fly!

What joys have been ours, mid sunshine and
showers,

By lake and by stream in days that are past.
O who could forget them! O who would regret
them!

Those days—they shall live while memories last!

Then hurrah for the mountain etc.

A FISHERMAN'S SCALES.

THERE came one day to a happy home,
The precious gift of a baby-boy;
And the mother's heart was full to the brim---
And overflowing—with mother joy.

They borrowed the scales of a fisherman,
(And though it "very fishy" sounds,)
When placed on the scales of the fisherman,
The dear baby weighed thirty-six pounds.

THE ANGLER'S LONGING.

I'VE cast my hook for speckled trout,
Since childhood's sunny days
I've wandered up and down the land
In unfrequented ways;
I've fished in river, lake and stream,
With chub and worm and fly;
And now, that I'm growing old
'Tis hard to say "good-by."

O, happy, happy days of youth,
And manhood's strength and prime;
They linger in my memory still.
Like some familiar rhyme.
Alone with nature I have had
Joys such as none can know
Save those who love the streams and woods
As nothing else below.

And now, before the message comes
To summon me away,
One final visit would I make
Where leap the trout to-day;
There lightly cast once more the fly
And see the beauties rise,
To gladden this old heart of mine
And kindle these old eyes.

APPENDIX.

IZAAK WALTON the famous author of the immortal book "*The Compleat Angler*" was born at Stafford in August 1593. Though much of his life was spent in London, his body was buried beneath the huge Cathedral at Winchester. This vast Minster was completed and consecrated July 15, 1093. It is said to be the second largest Church in Europe, being 556 feet in length. It is of vast proportions. The great columns of its nave are more than 100 feet in height. Beneath its floor are the ashes of ancient kings and queens, nobles and poets, and bishops, heroes and statesmen.

Upon a slab in the floor, surrounded by this illustrious company of the great men and women of England, the following inscription may be found:

Here resteth the body of
Mr. Izaak Walton,
Who died the 15th of December, 1683.

Alas! Hee's gone before,
Gone, to return noe more,
Our panting Breasts aspire
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety Years, and past.

But now he hath begun
That which will nere be done,
Crowned with eternal Blisse,
We wish our Souls with his.

Votis modestis sic ferunt liberi.
("Thus with modest vows his children wept.")

Walton never claimed to be an expert fly fisherman: but during the last forty years of his life his passion for the "gentle art" was the *result* of his skill in the use of the live worm, the frog, and the grasshopper. Had he lived in modern times he no doubt would have been expert in the use of the fly-rod.

The following recently discovered information with regard to Izaak Walton is copied from a London paper of date March 1920:

"It was known that Izaak Walton died in Winchester Close—the house of his son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins—but it was not known till a recent discovery made by Canon John Vaughan of Winchester Cathedral, *which* was Dr. Hawkins' house. It was in this house that the famous author of the "Compleat Angler" lived his last seven years. There he made his will and there he died. He was buried in the south transept of the Cathedral.

"At the time of his daughter's marriage," says Canon Vaughan, in the *Cornhill Magazine* "Izaak Walton was in his eighty-fourth year; but he had still some seven years (1676—1683) to live, and we may think of him as spending this closing time —

'Serene and bright,
And calm as is a Lapland night,'
with his daughter and Dr. Hawkins, partly in the house

up Dome Alley in Winchester Close, and partly in the old rectory at Droxford.

On August 9th, 1683, Izaak Walton began to make his will, being, he says, "This present day in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which prayed be God." The will was clearly made in the Close, and not at Droxford, for he speaks of himself as "I, Izaak Walton, the elder, of Winchester."

"In very affectionate terms does the old man mention his 'sonne-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, whom,' he says, 'I love as my owne sonn.' In addition to substantial property, he leaves to him and to 'my daughter, his wife,' a number of little mementoes, including a ring each, with these words—'Love my memory. I. W. obiit—' To Dr. Hawkins he also gives 'Dr. Donne's Sermons'."

"With regard to his burial he writes, 'I desire my buriall may be neare the place of my death and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately'."









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